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CLEVER LADY NAVIGATOR.

MRS. ROSE E. WATKINS GRANTED PILOT'S LICENSE ON ILLINOIS RIVER.

A Model Housekeeper and Expert Cook—Assists in Painting Engines of Steamer—Husband is Engineer of Boat of Which she is Pilot.

In the early spring of this year when the Steamboat Inspectors began their examinations at Chicago of the various applicants for license to handle steamers on the Illinois River, they were somewhat startled over the appearance of Mrs. Rose E. Watkins in the class, and only after a most thorough test as to her ability to handle a steamer was she issued a license.

Mrs. Watkins is the wife of Captain George T. Watkins and they own the boat with which they navigate the waters of the Illinois. For the last eight years Mrs. Watkins has made her home on her husband's boats. Her home was originally at Peoria, where Mrs. Watkins spent her girlhood days and before her marriage to Captain Watkins had taught school.

EXPERT IN RIVER NAVIGATION.

For the last four years they have put in the summer conducting an excursion business between Chicago and the scenic points down the Illinois River, including Starved Rock and the rapids and canyons surrounding it. Mrs. Watkins has been for years an expert in navigating these waters, but not until this spring did she formally apply for a pilot's license. While classed as a navigable stream, it has generally been regarded that the navigation of the Illinois ended at La Salle, but in spite of this, the Watkins and one or two smaller craft have been regularly plying the upper reaches of the river. Last winter the steamboat men were notified that the boats on this section would have to comply with all the government regulations to carry regularly licensed pilots and engineers.

A few weeks later Inspectors Mansfield and Peck came to Ottawa to inspect the Watkins. Since Mrs. Watkins has secured her pilot's license there have been all sorts of stories in circulation as to that inspection. One romance reads that the inspectors found her seated at a table in the pilot house poring over a chart looking up the location of a recently discovered rock. It is a pity to spoil such a beautiful romance, but these are the hard, utilitarian facts in the case: The pilot house of the Watkins is too small to hold a table and Mrs. Watkins is much too busy to pore over a chart at this season of the year. Then the only really dangerous "snag" in the river at Starved Rock is the admission fee which the corporation that owns it charges before the sightseer

and its tributaries. Mrs. Watkins is a modest and refined woman who is not given to boasting of her exploits along lines into which women seldom venture. But she takes a pardonable degree of pride in the fact that she is not an amateur pilot but is the real thing in that line.

DISPLAYS UNCOMMON ABILITY.

When the excursion season closes the Watkins not infrequently seek other business in the late fall and early spring on the lower reaches of the river and it is while engaged in this work that Mrs. Watkins has the opportunity to display her real ability as a navigator. She has brought the boat up the river in all conditions of wind and current and that, too, when it was handling a great barge piled high with props for the Spring Valley mines or with great walnut logs for a piano factory at Chicago.

As to her ability to handle a crew of deck hands there is a determined glint in her eye which indicates that she can do that also, and she can cook for them as well as she can direct

CONGRESSMEN ARRESTED.

TWO DOZEN OF THEM GATHERED IN AT BASEBALL GAME BY OFFICIAL OF HOUSE.

President's Son-in-Law Among Those Corralled by Sergeant-at-Arms—Trouble Caused by Minority Leader Williams.

That the Members of Congress are fond of a ball game was evidenced a few days ago when a call of the House—a desire to obtain a quorum of the members—caused the Sergeant-at-Arms of that body to send out his deputies to arrest whatever members his squad could corral. Twenty-two Congressmen were gathered up from the grandstand and bleachers of the Washington Baseball Club, Mr. Nicholas Longworth and his wife being brought in from the President's box.

It was a delightful spring afternoon and the House was droning along through its business, with John Sharp

the attempt. The scheme cuts adrift absolutely from all other of the time-honored methods of traveling over the eternal ice of the Arctic zone. Mr. Wellman is no novice in arctic travel, as he has already made one attempt for the Pole in the old fashioned way.

From Spitzbergen, Wellman, together with Maj. Henry B. Hersey, representing the United States Weather Bureau, and M. J. Smith, a wireless operator, will start in the biggest airship ever constructed on the 600-mile journey toward the goal of so many men's desires. If the airship works and the winds remain true to the analysis of them made by the Naamen expedition, the thing is done.

The North Pole is a terribly elusive sort of notoriety, and a thousand unforeseen calamities may be ready to pounce upon Walter Wellman and his plucky associates. Yet the quest is not an absolutely forlorn hope. To the American newspaper man may yet be given the honor of locating the North Pole, just as to a British newspaper man was given the glory of culminating Africa in twain.

The Princess' Bridal Dress.

Princess Ena's wedding dress attracted great interest in Spain, as it is truly a Spanish product, in fabric and finish, except for the wonderful Brussels lace, which was brought to adorn it. It was a fancy of the King and of the Queen-mother that the wedding dress should be made in Spain, and the Princess Ena graciously fell in with this patriotic sentiment. The dress is, therefore, one of the special presents from the King and is a marvel of elegance.

The silk was manufactured from a special pattern in one of the large Spanish silk establishments. It was made up with all the artistic skill of the court dressmakers. The silk is heavily overlaid with wonderful silver embroidery, with soft frills of the finest Brussels lace, said to have cost \$50 a yard. The lace was publicly exhibited before being put on the dress, and excited the admiration and astonishment of even the aristocratic ladies of Madrid. Orange blossoms were profusely used with the silver embroideries and laces for the corsage.



Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

The scenes of the story are laid in the 14th century. The monks of the Cistercian Monastery of Beaulieu, assembled to witness the trial of a lay-brother, known as Beulieu John, upon numerous grave charges brought against him. He pleads guilty and is sentenced to be expelled from the Order and at the same time it is decreed that he be dragged forth and scourged from the Abbey's precincts. He threatens to smelt a member of the laity, and in the excitement escapes. Shortly after another of the lay brethren of the monastery, Alleyn Edmonson, takes his departure from the monastery in accordance with provision of his father's will, that in his twentieth year he shall go forth into the world for one year to choose for himself his future calling. In answer he wanders from the monastery on his way to visit his brother, the Sonman of Ninesod whose reputation is a most unsavory one. Night coming on, he seeks shelter in a roadside inn.

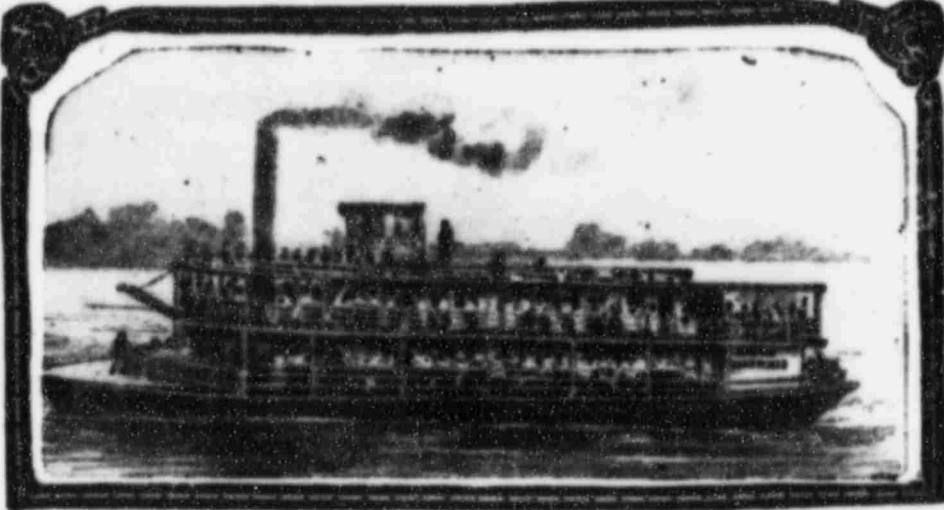
CHAPTER III.

Though it was an autumn evening and somewhat warm, a huge fire of beaped billets of wood crackled and sparkled in a broad, open grate, some of the smoke escaping up a rude chimney, but the greater part rolling out into the room, so that the air was thick with it, and a man coming from without could scarce catch his breath. On this fire a great caldron bubbled and simmered, giving forth a rich and promising smell. Seated round it were a dozen or so folk, of all ages and conditions, who set up such a shout as Alleyn entered that he stood peering at them through the smoke, uncertain what this greeting might portend.

"A rouse! A rouse!" cried one rough-looking fellow in a tattered jerkin. "One more round of mead or ale, and the score to the last corner." "Tis the law of the 'Fied Merlin'!" shouted another. "Ho, there, Dame Eliza! Here is fresh custom come to

esters, lifted the big pot off the fire, and a third, with a huge pewee ladle, served out a portion of steaming collops to each guest. Alleyn bore his share and his ale-mug away with him to a retired trestle in the corner, where he could sup in peace and watch the strange scene, which was so different from those silent and well-ordered meals to which he was accustomed.

Three or four of the men round the fire were evidently under-keepers and verifiers from the forest, sunburned and bearded, with the quick restless eye and lithe movements of the deer among which they lived. Close to the corner of the chimney sat a middle-aged gleeman, clad in a faded garb of Norwich cloth, the tunic of which was so outgrown that it did but fasten at the neck and at the waist. His face was swollen and coarse, and his watery, protruding eyes spoke of a life which never wandered very far from the wine-pot. A gift harp, blotched with many stains and two of its strings missing, was tucked under one of his arms, while with the other he scooped greedily at his platter. Next to him sat two other men of about the same age, one with a trimming of fur to his coat, which gave him a dignity which was evidently dearer to him than his comfort, for he still drew a round him in spite of the hot glare of the faggots. The other, clad in a dirty russet suit with a long sweeping doublet, had a cunning foxy face with keen twinkling eyes and a peaky beard. Next to him sat Hordie John, and beside him three other rough unkempt fellows with tangled beards and matted hair—free laborers from the adjoining farms, where small patches of freehold property had been suffered



THE STEAMER WATKINS.

their labors on board. There is nothing mannish or strenuous or new-womanish about this lady master of the steamer Watkins—she is a model housekeeper and is household guardian angel for all the crew who dwell upon the boat. This is the plain story of a good woman, refined, pleasant and energetic, who does the work that comes to her thoroughly and who is surprised that her ability to handle a fair-sized fresh water craft should have attracted the attention that it undoubtedly has.

Interstate Commerce Commission.

An opinion at one time prevailed that the members of the interstate commerce commission had an easy time. A place on the board was characterized in the slang of the day as a "soft snap." However this may once have been, it is not true now. The dispatches show that not only is

Williams filibustering and forcing roll calls on everything possible, including the question of a quorum. The weather, as heretofore stated, was fine, and the "call of the ball game" was strong upon the fans of the House. They heeded it and went, and then Mr. Williams became unkind, there was a call for a quorum, and the Sergeant-at-Arms went after the delinquents.

The officers rounded up stray members from all parts of the grounds, and in the executive box found the popular bridegroom from Ohio, with his wife. They are both lovers of the game, as well as otherwise, and the humor of the situation was slow in dawning on them. But they could not resist or argue with constituted authority. They gave parole to proceed at once to the Capitol. They had come in Mrs. Longworth's pretty automobile, and on the return trip they took with them Representative Gaines of West Virginia.

Representative Sibley, of Pennsylvania, with a party of eight members, also went back to the Capitol in an automobile and on the way was held up by a bicycle policeman for exceeding the speed regulations, but when the situation was explained to the officer, they were allowed to proceed. A few moments later the auto party was filing in at the door of the House. The roll call was awaiting them. They marched in, voted, turned on their heels and went straight back to the machine. Before the authorities could get busy they were again speeding toward the ball park.

HORSES WERE TOO SLOW.

A number of the statesmen who were hustled back to the Capitol in carriages were not so fortunate as the Sibley party. They arrived so late that it wasn't worth while to return to the ball park.

A number of the truants are dyed-in-the-wool fans, some making regular but not daily excursions to the ball park, while others can afford to eschew the affairs of state every day to see a game. On the occasion of their arrest, a number had made their first visit to see the ball thrown around. Before the House was called to order the next day the delinquents gathered about to hold a consultation meeting.

"It was too bad that we had to leave just when there was a chance for Washington to tie the score, with three men on bases," walked Representative Sherman, of New York, chairman of the Republican Congressional campaign committee. "Oh, go on," added Congressman McKinley, of Illinois, "our Chicago team is too strong for the Nationals. Their pitcher struck out the next two men up, leaving your three still hanging on their bases."

"Of course it was up to that California recruit on the home team to make the star stunt of the day," added Representative McKinley, who hails from Santa Rosa, Cal.

Others in the gathering seemed to assail Representative Sibley for coaxing them to leave the House for a ball game, as they considered it a blackeye for them to be caught away from their post of duty.

Among the few whom the Sergeant-at-Arms had gathered in were Representatives Lord, of Michigan; Cousins, of Iowa; Thomas, of Ohio; Dunwell, of New York and Burleigh, of Maine. Representative Rodenburg, of Illinois, was out at the park, but seems to have been the sole truant who escaped the officer, and was permitted to see the game through.

Wellman and the Pole.

As the time draws near for Walter Wellman, the newspaper correspondent, to make his proposed "dash for the North Pole" by means of an airship, the world at large is waking up to the vast daring and importance of



"THERE WAS NOT A BATTLE BUT SIR NIGEL WAS IN THE HEART OF IT.

and even in dainty clusters along the train, which is four yards long.

According to Spanish traditions, the bride must afterward present this wedding dress to the Virgin de la Paloma, the popular protectress of maternity.

"Naive" Questions.

Mrs. Alexander, the novelist, lives in Florence. There a young American woman recently interviewed her. "Mrs. Alexander was delightful," said the young woman. "She amused me very much. I, too, amused her—she thought me naive."

"Once, when I asked her a certain question about the financial side of novel writing, she declared that my question was as naive as that of a little Florentine child's that she had heard about the day before."

"This child, at dinner with her parents, turned to her mother and said: 'Mamma, where were you born?'"

"At Padua, darling."

"But I was born in Florence, wasn't I?"

"Yes, dear."

"And father, where was he born?"

"In Venice."

"The little girl looked gravely from one to the other."

"Isn't it funny," she said, "that we should all have met like this?"

Her Innate Diplomacy.

Patient to Pretty Nurse—"Will you be my wife when I recover?" Pretty Nurse—"Certainly." Patient—"Then you love me? Ah, me!" Pretty Nurse—"Oh, no; that's merely a part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful; I promised this morning to run away with a married man who had lost both his legs."

the house, and not a drain for the company."

"I will take your orders, gentles: I will assuredly take your orders," the landlady answered, bustling in with her hands full of leathern drinking-cups. "What is it that you drink, then? Beer for the lads of the forest, mead for the gleeman, strong waters for the tinker, and wine for the rest. It is an old custom of the house, young sir. It has been the use at the Fied Merlin this many a year back that the company should drink to the health of the last comer. Is it your pleasure to humor it?"

"Why, good dame," said Alleyn, "I would not offend the customs of your house, but it is only sooth when I say that my purse is a thin one. As for as two pence will go, however, I shall be right glad to do my part."

"Fainly said and bravely spoken my suckling friar," roared a deep voice, and a heavy hand fell upon Alleyn's shoulder. Looking up, he saw beside him his former cloister companion, the renegade monk, Hordie John.

"By the thorn of Glastonbury! Ill days are coming upon Beaulieu," said he. "Here they have got rid in one day of the only two men within their walls—for I have had mine eyes upon thee, youngster, and I know that for all thy baby face there is the making of a man in thee."

While he was speaking the landlady came in again, bearing a broad platter, upon which stood all the beakers and flagons charged to the brim with the brown ale or the ruby wine. Behind her came a maid with a high pile of wooden plates, and a great sheaf of spoons, one of which she handed round to each of the travellers. Two of the company, who were dressed in the weather-stained green doublet of for-

to remain scattered about in the heart of the royal demesne. The company was completed by a peasant in a rude dress of undyed sheepskin, with the old-fashioned galligaskins about his legs, and a gayly dressed young man with striped cloak jagged at the edges and parti-colored hose, who looked about him with high disdain upon his face, and held a blue smelling flask to his nose with one hand while he brandished a busy spoon with the other. In the corner a very fat man was lying all asprawl upon a truss, snoring stercorously, and evidently in the last stage of drunkenness.

Alleyn listened to the talk which went on round the fire.

"Elbow room for Floyting Wm!" cried a woodman. "Twang us a merry lilt."

"Aye, aye, the 'Lasses of Lancaster,'" one suggested.

"Or 'St. Simeon and the Devil!'"

"Or the 'Jest of Hendy Tobias!'"

To all those suggestions the jongleur made no response, but sat with his eye fixed abstractedly upon the ceiling, as one who calls words to his mind. Then, with a sudden sweep across the strings, he broke out into a song so gross and so foul that ere he had finished a verse the pure-minded had sprang to his feet with the blood tingling in his face.

"How can you sing such things?" he cried. "You, too, an old man who should be an example to others."

The wayfarers all gazed in the utmost astonishment at the interruption.

"By the holy Dicon of Hampole! our silent clerk has found his tongue," said one of the woodmen. "What is amiss with the song, then? How has it offended your babyship?"

"A milder and better-mannered song hath never been heard within these



MRS. ROSE E. WATKINS. Granted a License to Pilot Steamers.

is permitted to set foot on the shore at that beautiful and historic spot. The plain facts in the case are that when the inspectors made their official visit to the boat Mrs. Watkins was engaged in painting the engines. During the winter months the two Captains Watkins were engaged in overhauling and renovating their boat—no small task when one remembers that the boat can carry 600 passengers on its two decks.

As a result of the examination which they recently underwent at Chicago, Captain George Watkins holds an engineer's and a master's license, while his wife holds a license as master and pilot which entitles her to pilot any craft up to 100 tons burden upon the waters of the Illinois

the commission a very busy body, but that its activities are yielding much important information. Its inquiries into the methods of the railroads interested in coal, and into the practices of the Standard Oil Company in absorbing or freezing out opposition, are in the highest degree valuable to the public, and should lead to the redressing of many abuses. If the board were composed of twenty members, all could find work at this time in the field which as yet has been but scratched.

In a pigeon shoot at Madrid, King Alfonso killed twenty-three birds out of a possible twenty-nine. There has been some improvement in Spanish marksmanship in recent years.